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Historical Pageant of Winthrop, Maine

Submitted by

Dorothy Newman Webb

(A.B. Colby 1915)

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HISTORICAL PAGEANT

of

WINTHROP, MAINE

by

Dorothy Newman Webb

DEDICATION

This pageant is lovingly dedicated to my father and mother, whose ancestors, respectively Gideon Lambert of Martha's Vineyard and Jonathan Whiting of Wrentham, journeyed with their families from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to the wilderness of the Kennebec Purchase about 1766, and there were among the first to break ground for the settlement which became Pondtown, and later Winthrop, Maine.

OUTLINE

Historical Pageant of Winthrop, Maine

Episode I. The Wigwam

Scene 1. An encampment of Abenaki Indians on the shores of Lake Maranacook. The visit of the great chief Orono.

Scene 2. The Jesuit priests in Maine.
Visit of Father Drouillettes to the Abenaki Indians as teacher, healer, and religious leader.

Episode II. The Log House

Scene 1. The First Settlers.
Timothy Foster buys a hut of one Scott, hunter on the shores of Lake Cobbossee Conte.

Scene 2. Mrs. Fuller's encounter with the Indians.

Scene 3. Mrs. Fairbank's Quilting Party.
Mrs. Wood takes her bread on horseback.
Ichabod Howe makes the First Cider.

Episode III. The Town

Scene 1. An Early Town Meeting.
Incorporation of the Town.
A Protest Against England's treatment of her colonies.

Scene 2. Winthrop sends her first 19 boys to the War for Independence.

Scene 3. The "Warning-Out" of a transient fiddler and two women by Squier Bishop.

Scene 4. Talleyrand's visit to Winthrop.

Episode IV. The State 1820

Tableau--Mother and Daughter, Massachusetts and Maine.

Scene 1. A scene at Elder Butler's Female Seminary in East Winthrop.

Scene 2. The Temperance Reform.
Deacon Carr's tavern goes dry.

Episode V. The Nation

Scene 1. Elizabeth Thurston backslides.

Scene 2. The Anti-Slavery Agitation.
Father Thurston forced to resign by the Whig element.

Scene 3. The Boys in Blue.
Winthrop's sacrifice of '61.

Epilogue:

- a. Dance
- b. The Contributory Plot: the kindling of a great nation from the hearth of the pioneer.

Episode I. The Village.

Scene 1. Members of the Algonquin tribe camp near Lake Huron for a hunting expedition.

The scene is a field sloping slightly to a background of dark trees and the lake, with hills in the distance. From the woods emerge slowly for a moment from the lake to the edge of the clearing and by several files into the center of it. Braves, followed by squaws carrying in cases, young men and women, old men and children filter through the trees and appear to camp for the night. The leader, distinguishable by a gorgeous blanket, divides the work by gesture and sign and then sits down to smoke, followed by his faithful squaw. The medicine men also sit in isolated dignity. A group of braves leave to hunt at a signal from the chief. Six young men set up poles for signals and then point to the lake. The chief nods assent. Squaws and children set to work, covering the poles with bark, moss, and in some cases skins. A few old men squat in the ground and when the young men return with canoes set immediately to mending them with bark. Two of them quarrel and are separated by the chief. The children start from one activity to another, some helping, others playing. One brave who has been on the outskirts of the crowd, trying hard to do nothing, is now caught and bored by the chief and sends him with the women to gather fire wood. The old men laugh at his plight and jeer at him. Enter a brave, evidently the chief's son, playing a rude flute. His father greets him with an impatient grunt, but the brave continues his notes, walking across the field to a maiden who is weaving mats from grass. She smiles shyly as he takes the flute from his mouth and sings. At the end of the song, he leads her to his father where the men sit down; the girl takes her place behind them. The women and the lazy brave return with wood which the squaws pile and light. One of the raiders attempts to put a wreath on the lazy brave's head, but he is furious and runs out, with several raiders in laughing pursuit. The fishermen return with eels and sturgeon which are laid on the fire. Hunters bring venison, and all the men, squatting, are baited on by the squaws. The meal is hasty and unappetizing. A central fire is lighted around which the whole tribe gathers. Tests of strength, wrestling, running, arrow shooting and "Wub-lub" occupy a space while squaws and children weave baskets and look on interestedly. Suddenly a brave appears from edge of clearing bearing a fine skin. The tribe hails him with shouts of delight, following him as he takes his way to a maiden who rushes to her parents sitting near, and clings to her mother. The father rises and stands erect while the brave with a meaningful gesture indicates his affection for the daughter and lays the skin at the father's feet. The father accepts and pushes the daughter toward the brave and seizes her hand and runs with her to the center of the field. The young people take up a cry of rejoicing and dance around the pair in celebration of their marriage. After a few moments of

song and dance, the leader of the tribe motions for silence. He points to the sky and the wigwams. The dancers dance slowly around the fire once, and drift to the wigwams and the woods.

Scene 2. The Jesuit Priests in Maine.

Father Drouillettes visits the Abenakis as healer, teacher and priest.

In the center of the field a small Indian boy playing with other children reels and falls, lying motionless. The old men smoking near by ejaculate and the squaws come flying from the wigwams and woods. One squaw, the boy's mother, lifts him to her lap, crying wildly. She points to one of the wigwams and one of the maidens runs to it, soon returning followed by the Medicine Man in hideous array. The children shriek and hide. All the women draw Manitous (charms) from their clothing and shudder with horror as the Medicine Man begins a weird incantation. At one wild yell, all fall to the ground. He circles slowly the child and the stricken mother, muttering weirdly, and increasing his speed and his shrieks, finally runs in a frenzy of noise, echoed by the swaying old men and the mother. The maidens groan. Finally he leaps into the air and then approaches the child with a charm. At this point, left, comes the sound of "Benedicite" chanted by Father Drouillettes who enters, bearing a small cross. Behind him is an Indian of the Penobscot tribe carrying a box. The Abenakis stand as if stricken dumb while he approaches them, still singing. He suddenly sees the plight of the mother and crossing himself, kneels quickly beside her, laying the sick boy on the ground and motioning his follower to open the box. The old men and the Medicine Man rush at him with ejaculations, but he motions them back. He takes medicine from the chest and forces it down the boy's throat. The boy quivers and starts up, but Father Drouillettes gently pushes him back and continues his medicine. He hands his gourd to one of the maidens who runs and fills it with water. Father Drouillettes bathes the boy's head and gives him to drink. The boy sits up slowly and the Indian mother falls at Father Drouillettes feet, weeping. He lifts her up, and holding up the cross chants the "Gratia". This is interrupted by the noisy cries of the braves returning from the hunt. The squaws start up in alarm. Father Drouillettes holding the cross higher stands center, with the Penobscot behind him. The braves raise a cry as they see the priest and rush at him across the field with tomahawks raised. The squaw mother and her boy fling themselves against the chief as he approaches, pointing to the priest. The chief stops the tribe and the boy tells the story in dialect with much gesticulation. The Penobscot takes up the strain but Father Drouillettes breaks in with the story of the cross. The tribe gradually sinks to the ground listening interestedly. The Medicine Man skirts them, here and there attempting mutiny, but the men motion him away impatiently. The priest sprinkles holy water on

the astonished Indians. He takes the boy by the hand and indicating the cure effected by the Cross, teaches them the sign which they imitate awkwardly. He then speaks sharply demanding the charm which each one wears about his neck, and finally the Indians pull them out and throw them at his feet. Father Drouillettes takes them from the hand of his follower, and points in the direction of the lake indicating they must be thrown away. The Indians murmur excitedly, but the priest again holds up the cross and makes the sign. Beginning "Adeste Fideles", he marches in the direction of the lake, followed by the Indians, vaguely trying to understand it all, but catching the mysticism and the appeal, however much they miss of the religious symbolism.

Sources: Blake's History of Kennebec County pp20,26,27,28
Jesuit Relations, Second Series Vol. II
Hatch's History of Maine Chap. III
Abbot's Maine History pl74
Vetromile: Abenakis and their history -entire
Schoolcraft, Indian and His Wigwam
Dunnack: The Maine Bood pl10,112, 194
Maine My State p76 on
Sprague's Journal of Maine History
Vol. 7 p234
Vol. 9 p61, 120, 170
Vol. 12 pl98
Wood: A New England Prospect Chap. IV
Josselyn: N.E. Rarities p 231

Episode II. The Log House

Scene 1. The First Settlers

Time: about 1765

Place: a spot near Cobbosseecontee, on the land
now owned by Walter Titus

Characters:

Scott, hunter and trapper
Timothy Foster, pioneer settler from
Attleboro, Mass.

His wife

Children

The hunter and trapper, Scott, enters left swinging several animals and a string of fish. He busies himself with a fire and his repast, then suddenly looks up to see an ox-cart in the distance. He makes a gesture of impatience, and resumes his meal, getting up now and then to witness the approach of the cart. It comes onto the field, Cap't Timothy Foster and one of his sons walking by the oxen. There are household goods and small children in the cart, while Mrs. Foster and the older boys and girls walk behind, some a little wearily. They come to a stop, Scott paying no attention to them, but rather turning his back and continuing his meal. Mrs. Foster and the girls sink down upon the ground, while Cap't Timothy and son approach Scott, the smaller children tagging on. Cap't consults paper from his pocket.

Foster: What do you call this pond?

Scott: Don't call it nothing--just pond.

Foster: Is this the one the Indians named Cobbosseecontee?

Scott: (grudgingly) Yup.

Foster: Then we are right, son. This is the spot in the Pondtown Plantation our good friends down the river meant. (turning to Scott) We've come from Massachusetts to settle here.

Scott: Tain't no kind of a place to settle in.

Foster: (pleasantly) Well, it looks all right, my friend, and comes well recommended by folks down the river.

Scott: (grunts)

Child: Are there any Indians here?

Scott: Plenty passin' through to the Kennebec and Andros-coggin.

Foster: But they are peaceable, son, and will not hurt us.
Come, boys, cut me some tent poles.
(The older boys race to the woods.)
Well, wife, shall we pitch our tent here?

Scott: You don't expect to live in a tent, do ye?

Foster: Only till we get a cabin built.

(Boys come racing back, shouting,

Boys: We found a hut. We found a hut. There's a hut up there.

Foster: A hut?

Mrs. F.: A hut!

Scott: I got a kind of trapper's hut up there. Tain't no account.

Mrs. F.: Perhaps he would let us cook in it, husband.

Scott: (turning to look at Mrs. Foster and her eldest girl as if conscious of their presence for the first time)
This ain't no place for wimmen-folks. Why anybody wants to leave Massachusetts for this God-forsaken place-----

Mrs. F.: But you seem to like it here--You have built a cabin.

Scott: (squirming) Tain't really a cabin--only a hut to keep my traps and skins in. I come and go in these parts, and I shan't be round here much longer. I'm going north.

Foster: Will you sell your hut, my friend?

Scott: No-sir. I need it in my business.

Foster: All right--boys, cut with the tent!

(The boys scramble to the ox-cart and throw out dingy canvas, spreading it out on the ground.)

Scott: I might sell my hut.

Foster: (continuing preparations) How much?

Scott: (loudly) Fifty dollars!

Foster: Fifty dollars! Man, you're crazy.

Scott: Fifty dollars!

Foster: I'll give you twenty-five.

Scott: I don't want to sell it anyway.

Foster: And I don't want it. (continues spreading tent)

Scott: Forty-five!

Foster: Twenty five.

Scott: Forty!

Foster: Twenty five!

Scott: Thirty five!

Foster: Let's have a look at it.

They hasten to the woods and back. While they are gone, Mrs. Foster and the children bring out a kettle and a big iron ladle.

Foster: (returning, to his wife) It's just a shack, wife. We'd have to build a cabin later.

Mrs. Foster: (wistfully) But it would be nice, husband, after sleeping in a tent all these weeks.

Foster: Twenty five dollars.

Scott: Thirty five.

Foster: Twenty seven and a half.

Scott: Thirty three and a half.

Both shake heads and move apart. Then both suddenly turn, shouting simultaneously. Thirty!

Scott: Done--It's your'n.

Foster: (Goes to his wife who takes a bag of money from her petticoat. Foster counts out the money to Scott who fingers it lovingly.)

Mrs. Foster: We should be happy to have you stay with us tonight-- It's rather late for you to start out with the uncertainty of shelter.

Scott: I've camped in the woods many a night. I'm going north. Too blamed many folks will be coming here to suit me--(He gathers up his skins and pack and moves off stolidly with never a glance back.)

Mrs. Foster: Just think, children, tonight we sleep in our very own house.

(Children shout.)

The Fosters pick up the tent and throw it into the cart, and the whole procession moves toward the woods-- one of the children beating merrily on the iron kettle.

Sources: Thurston's History of Winthrop p13-14
Bendamin's History of Winthrop
Edited by Stackpole p35-36

Episode II. The Log House

Scene 3. Mrs. Fuller's encounter with Indians

Time: Pioneer days in Pondtown

Place: near Cobloseecontee

Characters:

Mrs. Fuller
Sally
Johnny
Indians

The scene opens with a group of Indians on a hunting expedition carrying canoes across the boggy field. They stop, put down the canoes, and squat on the ground. One redskin, evidently the leader, gesticulates in the direction of the lake and disappears. Immediately a brave runs to one side and from a clump of bushes, produces a jug, waving it above his head as he rushes back. A mad scramble ensues, as the Indians drain the jug. They pull out knives and in a crazy fashion resume their carry, going off left.

Enter right Mrs. Fuller, a pioneer woman and two children. Mrs. Fuller looks anxiously in direction of the lake, shading her eyes with her hands. At last she puts her arms around the children and speaks.

Mrs. Fuller: Sally, and Johnny, we shall have to be very brave tonight.

Sally: Isn't father coming home?

Mrs. Fuller: I hoped he was, but he said if he had not come by sundown, we should know he could not get home tonight.

Sally: (crying) O, I'm so 'fraid.

Mrs. Fuller: Oh, Sally! 'fraid! With Johnny here? John, see that the cow is tied, and bring in the blubber-buss. Come, Sally, you and I will get the Bible open, and you shall light the candles.

(Mrs. Fuller and Sally open the Bible and Sally lights the candles. At this point come crazy drunken cries from the Indians left; Johnny runs in, terrified shouting "Indians", "Indians" and pointing left. The cries of the Indians increase. The children cling to Mrs. Fuller.

Mrs. Fuller: Read to us, John.

Johnny: We shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways.

(The Indian speaker left, uttering no sound.
The children were too busy to hear him.)

Mr. Fuller: Wash, children, do you not believe that God will pre-
fect our John, from the evil voice.

Johnny: (tremblingly but bravely) I know he shall kill at
my side, and ten thousand of my right hand, but it shall
not come nigh thee.

(The Indian's words increased. The words of God in
red in ever-decreasing numbers on the group, but their
meaning is that of foolishness rather than wisdom.)

Johnny: There shall be evil doers all about, but my right hand
highly telling.

(The redskins made no more, their words were. Mr.
Fuller ordered them to wash their hands and faces, and when
Johnny spoke to him, spoke to the child.)

Johnny: For we shall give you much, more than we have, to see
that in all the world.

(Mr. Fuller turned and approached the
Indian. He spoke to the child, and the Indian
laughed foolishly.)

Johnny: They shall hear that we are many, and we shall
try first against a stone.

(The Indian's words were. Mr. Fuller, who was
now for silence.)

Johnny: We shall kill you and we shall kill you.

Mr. Fuller: I am sure you have had a goodly share. The white man of
Culmuck will give you much corn and many pieces of silver
for these skills.

(Indians in front with jagged spears at us if to drink, but
Mr. Fuller knocked them out of his hand with his fist, and
then he was seen to the Indians about crazily.)

Mr. Fuller: Drink no more fire-water.

Johnny: Talk to me right! We drink fire-water, and about like
you. Fire-water is good for us.

(The Indian's words were. Mr. Fuller, who was
now for silence.)
To go now. Get your hands washed. No more fire-water.

Johnny: With long life will I live, and I shall give you
much.

(The Indian's words were. Mr. Fuller, who was
now for silence.)
To go now. Get your hands washed. No more fire-water.

Sally: Mother, did you hear of the new table in the parlor-
room?

Mrs. Feller: With both, my dear-Thomas has got it is very.

(and placed the Bible; the collar of a white shirt and a long line of jewelry set beside Mrs. Feller.)

Thomas: Thomas's history 140

Episode II. The Log House

Scene 2. Mistress Fairbanks' Quilting, to which
Mistress Wood brings her bread to bake,
and at which Ichabod Howe makes the
first cider in Pondtown

Time: perhaps 1750

Place: the Fairbanks neighborhood

Characters:

Nathaniel Fairbanks
Mrs. Wood
Mrs. Fairbanks and daughters
Ladies of the Quilting Party
Ichabod Howe
Mrs. Howe

Pioneer wife, Mrs. Wood, discovered pounding corn
in rude mortar and then sifting meal into trough.
Enter neighbor woman.

Neighbor: Good morning, Neighbor Wood--making bread? Aren't
you going to Mistress Fairbank's quilting?

Mrs. Wood: Dear me, no! This bread must be baked today. I
was to have made it yesterday, but the boys broke the
mortar, and only this morning did Husband make me another.

Neighbor: What a shame! Mrs. Fairbanks will be much disap-
pointed. She was telling me Sunday she was depending on
you to place the squares.

Mrs. Wood: O, I could cry for wanting to go, but what's the
good? This bread must be baked today, for tomorrow is
Sabbath, and not a smitch of bread in the house.

Neighbor: I know. Well, I'll tell Mrs. Fairbanks how it is.

Mrs. Wood: Yes, do, and tell her I'll see her at meeting to-
morrow.

Neighbor woman hurries out.
Mrs. Wood resumes her kneading.
Sound of riding--Mrs. Wood looks up in surprise to
see Mr. Fairbanks approaching.

Mr. Fairbanks: (dismounts) Good morning, Neighbor Wood-

Mrs. Wood: Good morning to you.

Mr. Fairbanks: My wife sent me down to get you early for she's de-
pending on you to place the squares for her quilting.

Mrs. Wood: O, Mr. Fairbanks, I can't go- My bread is all ready
to bake, and I must do it today.

Mr. Fairbanks: (Scratching his head) I don't see as that need stand in the way. Won't our oven bake as well as yours?

Mrs. Wood: Why of course it would, but your oven is there and my bread is here.

Mr. Fairbanks: Well, we'll take the bread to the oven.

Mrs. Wood: Nonsense, Neighbor-

Mr. Fairbanks: Not at all. I can take you on the pillion and hold the bread trough before me.

Mrs. Wood: I never heard of such a thing-

Mr. Fairbanks: Nor I, but we'll set a new style. On with your bonnet. My wife told me not to come home without you. And at sundown you will have a good batch of bread to bring home.

Mrs. Wood laughs gaily and puts on her cape and hood. Mr. Fairbanks mounts and puts the bread trough in front of him. Mrs. Wood mounts from a stool, and they laugh merrily as they jog off across the field.

Sources: Thurston p. 19, 20, 21

At the other side of the field women bring in quilting frame and set it up.

Mrs. Howe: Shall we put the quilt on now, Neighbor Fairbanks?

Mrs. Fairbanks:(resignedly) I suppose we had better. I wanted Mrs. Wood to place the squares, she's so tasty.

Mrs. Howe: Where is she?

Mrs. F.: She sent word she couldn't come. Her bread was all ready for the baking, and she couldn't leave it.

Chorus of "Too bad--"

Mrs. F.: But I sent Mr. Fairbanks right over to fetch her back--They ought to be here--

Mrs. H.: I'll place the squares. I may not be so tasty, but I guess I can place 'em so you can sleep under 'em all right.

Women gather round frame and start tacking.

Girls: Here they come!

Mrs. H.: Land Sake's--She's got her bread dough with her.

All laugh.

Mrs. Wood and Mr. Fairbanks heartily greeted. One of the girls takes the bread-trough off left. Mrs. Wood takes Mrs. Howe's place at the quilt by a look. Buzzing of conversation as quilting is resumed. Enter Ichabod Howe with basket of fine apples.

Howe: Good morning, ladies.

Chorus of greetings.

Howe: I've brought you some Winthrop Greenings to speed your quilting.

Mrs. F.: Winthrop Greenings! Do you mean to tell me those apples grew in Winthrop?

Howe: Certainly did. I brought the seeds from Ipswich in my pocket, and we planted 'em the first spring we was here. Didn't we, wife?
(Mrs. Howe nods assent)

All sample contents of the basket.

Howe: Here's the Howe apple, Nelson's favorite and the Lambert.

Mr. Fairbanks reenters.

Howe: If we had the cider press that's up in Ipswich, we'd have the finest cider you ever tasted. I swan, I'd give a good deal for a mug of cider.

Fairbanks: So would I.

Howe: If I had a cheese press-----

Fairbanks: We've got one. I'll get it.

Howe: But what shall we pound the apples in?

Boy F.: I've got a sap trough.

Milly H.: Bring it in--We'll all pound.

(Fairbanks returns with cheese press)

Fairbanks: Don't believe it will make cider.

Milly and boy drag in sap trough, a hollowed log, pour in some apples, and pound them lustily with wooden mauls. Mr. Howe sets up cheese press, puts in the pulp, squeezes the mass, and the cider trickles into a mug held by Fairbanks. The men taste, they all taste, and smack their lips.

Howe: Cider, By Gosh, good as I ever tasted.

Fairbanks: Powerful good--Keep it coming!

Howe: Who would have thunk it! Cider made in a cheese press!

Fairbanks: I guess the neighbors will laugh.

Howe: We've made history as well as cider today, Nate. Who knows, in fifty or a hundred years, they'll be telling how Ichabod Howe squeezed out the apples in a cheese press--the first cider in Pondtown.

Fairbanks: And may all the Pondtown Cider be as good as this. All together now--Hip, Hip, Hooray--

Company breaks up in general hurrah.

Robert: They are not injudicious. We are everything we've
got to England, and we shall be so busy in London
our heads on fire.

Walter: To over to the land, when.

Robert: (eye)

Howe: Looking at the other's the war-ship of the day, some
reader and the land. (Cries and the ship is lost)

Walter: It is not to be, but it is not to be. I shall
will never be in war with us.

Walter: Well, we'll go to war with her if she doesn't stop
travelling under foot.

Robert: For my part, I will give no more to the powder and
land to be used in the war.

(Cries and the ship is lost and the ship is lost)

Robert: Order! All those who vote to send the ship to
England, and purchase your stock of powder and land and
eye--

(All those who vote to send the ship to England and the ship is lost)

Robert: Order! (Cries and the ship is lost and the ship is lost)

Confusion--A few fall off right, but most of the
crew are gathered in knots and have left talking loudly.

Deceased : "The ship is lost, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31
The ship is lost, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31"

The War for Independence

Place-the early settlement of Maryland (and that of Virginia)

Time-soon after April 10th, 1775

-Characters-

The 10 Volunteers

William Fells 32

William Bishop

Samuel Young

John Taylor 31

James Johnson

John Delane 30

Isaac D. Dillay 30

Paul Ritter 31

Timothy Harrington 31

David Foster 30

James Work 30

Samuel Walker 31

Samuel Wyman 31

Voluntarily Fairbank 31

Joseph Johnson 30

Wilder Kinder 30

Billy Foster 30

Joseph Chandler 30

Samuel Boyd 49 (Armed)

Age not recorded

George Lammert

John Wright

Benjamin Delane

David Dillay

John Dillay

At left of field are four men turning hay. Nearby is a woman milking, with two children playing near her. In the center, two men are trimming logs, and a boy is cleaning fish. Seven men and women pass in the foreground carrying corn to be ground. At the back, ten men drag logs into the center. Women and children arrive with jugs and baskets. Muskets are stacked at intervals as the men stop working and gather for dinner.

Suddenly comes the sound of pounding hoofs. A man in rough clothes riding a foaming horse cuts sharply into one end of the field.

Rider: We're going to have war! The War's begun! War with England!

Settlers seize muskets and run toward him.

Rider: Fight at Lexington. Britishers fired on our militia.

He stops and the crowd gathers around him. A woman hands him a jug which he drains.

Rider: Minute men at Concord held the bridge and made the redcoats retreat.

All cheer.

Lambert: Where are you from?

Rider: York. Our militia has started for Cambridge. How far to Norridgewock?

Blunt: Forty mile.

Rider wheels and gallops madly off. Men gather around Billy Foster who mounts a stump and harangues his young friends.

Foster: Ye heard what he said. The first blood has been spilled. If we provinces don't stand for our rights, England will make slaves of us. That fellow said his militia had started. What do you say, boys? Shall we go up to Cambridge and help lick the redcoats?

Loud shouts of "Aye, Aye. We'll lick 'em." Several men come forward and pat Billy on the shoulder. Women show anxiety and fear.

Delano: Well spoke, my boy. And if it warn't for protecting your mothers and sisters, and gals, us old fellahs would be marching right along with ye.

Lambert: Right ye are, Ichabod. I'd like a chance to fight man to man in a man's war instead of dodging red skins behind trees as we did in '58.

Dudley: Come on, boys let's see your paces 'fore ye start.

Brief drill with blunderbusses while women look on rather tearfully. The small boys tag in hero-worship after their big brothers. Samuel Walker finally grabs a blunderbuss and attempts to fall in with the heroes.

Foster: You can't go, Sam, you're too young.

Sam: I'm not. I'm just as strong as anybody, and I'm going!

Foster: No, you're not. (Takes him out and marches him to the side.)

Sam watches sullenly while the drill is resumed.

Blunt: That's right. Ye'll do--and put in a lick for us old duffers back home.

Foster: All ready, boys--

As the boys form, Jasper Jonson nods encouragingly to Sam. The 19 lads strike up Massachusetts Song of Liberty (Tune: Hearts of Oak) and march gaily across the field, with the men folk looking proudly on, and the women waving reluctant farewells! Sam waits until the line is well started and then picks up his blunderbuss and runs wildly after the boys. A man starts after him, but gives up the chase as hopeless. Sam falls in at the very end. As the Volunteers disappear, the settlers slowly and soberly leave the field.

Sources: Thurston History p 72
Dunnack Maine Book p 3
Whittier, C.E. Revolutionary Soldiers of Winthrop, Maine

Episode III The Town

Scene 1. Room in Squier Bishop's Inn, the first in Winthrop. Mr. Bishop and his friends, Selectmen John Hubbard and Samuel Wood are engaged in gesticulation.

Time: about 1789-1792

Place: site of Squier Bishop's tavern, now the Longfellow place.

Characters:

Squier Bishop
John Hubbard
Samuel Wood
Fiddler
Sarah Follett
Catharine Scoot
Children

Catharine Scoot and her children walk by the three men. She stops as if to speak, but as they stare at her, tosses her head and goes off rapidly.

Hubbard: Who's that?

Bishop: O, some fly-by-night.

Wood: Where's she from?

Bishop: I don't know, but it won't take long to tell her where's she can go.

Hubbard: O, don't bother her.

Wood: How long's she been here?

Bishop: O, a day or two--She appeared one morning early. I tell you, we don't want these transient persons a-coming to our town. This Catharine Scoot is the second woman to come since the New Year.

Wood: You're right, Squier, they can have no good purposes. Where are their husbands? Like's not they never had any. (Bishop nods assent)

Hubbard: O, you're hard on 'em, Sammy. What harm is these two women and their young ones going to do? One of 'em's real pretty.

Wood: (hotly) Harm! Look around ye, John. How are these women going to get a decent living? Their example's going to be a menace to our wives and daughters. I'm putting 'em out.

Bishop: So'm I.

(Sounds of a fiddle playing a jocular tune outside interrupt the men. They look curiously in its direction stiffening as a rather rakish fiddler enters. He finishes his gay tune, sweeps off a battered hat, and with the air of Charles II speaks.)

Fiddler: Good-day, gentlemen. I see by your solemn faces that I am addressing some of the fathers of pleasant Pondtown--

Bishop: (snapping) Winthrop, Sir, Winthrop!

Fiddler: A thousand pardons. I had forgot. Winthrop, named for his Excellency of Massachusetts Bay, I suppose--

Bishop: Your business, Sir? I am town constable, and it is my business to see--

Fiddler: Not so hasty, good constable, I was coming to my business directly. Me thought a little courtesy might lead me gently into your good graces.

Wood: (with a gesture of impatience) Speak up, man.

Fiddler: (half-bantering still) In all seriousness, gentlemen, I desire food and a night's lodging. Food for my soul have I (patting his fiddle) but none for my stomach. Me stomach hungers, and thirsts--but not after righteousness.

Hubbard: Don't mock the Scriptures, man.

Fiddler: (seriously) Which of you be inn keeper?

Bishop: I am, and it's no food or bed you'll get here. Why don't you go to work instead of fiddling around the country?

Fiddler: (mockingly) Gentlemen, if I work, my soul starves; if I fiddle, my body starves. And I prefer to save my soul.

Bishop: Get outer here, you scoundrel, you blasphemer. Get off God's earth. He has no room for such as you.

Fiddler: Get off God's earth? Where shall I go?

Bishop: (in a fit of rage) Go-----Go----to-to-to-to-----
Wayne!

Wood and Hubbard double with laughter as Bishop pushes the fiddler out!

On other side of pageant field appear a group of children playing "London Bridge". Fiddler walking dejectedly comes upon them.. Seeing their fun, he joins the line, playing the tune and is caught. A mad frolic ensues with the children, still singing and dancing, following the fiddler much in the spirit of the Pied Piper.

The fiddler stops with a discord, lifts his fiddle high over his head. The children look at him, round eyed with amazement as he speaks.

Fiddler: Listen! my dears! I am the Pied Piper!

Boy: Where are the rats?

Fiddler: I have fiddled them all away, and I shall fiddle you all away, too--

(Little girl screams and runs off)
--if you aren't good to poor hungry fiddlers.

Children: We are; We will. Play for us. What shall we do?

Girl: Please play for us again--just once more.

Fiddler: Not another note until you promise me some supper.

Children: We will, we will.

Fiddler: (as if telling a story) See how thin I am. I had only berries to-day, and yesterday it was--

Child who ran off reappears dragging her mother and another woman, one rather bold and vivacious looking, the other quiet and sober.

Fiddler: (addressing vivacious Catharine Scoot) Good mistress, be not alarmed. I am only playing a game with your children. Now I shall take myself off.

Children: But you promised to play for us again, and we promised you some supper. (Children surround Fiddler. Encouraged by the attitude of the women, he fiddles gaily as the company moves off the other side of the pageant field. Fiddler and the children sit down and are soon furnishing bread and milk. Catharine Scoot looks on interestedly, Sarah Follet shyly.

Girls: Now play for us--you promised.

Fiddler: So I did.

He stands and plays the jocular tune of his first appearance. Children frolic around him finally getting Catharine Scoot into the circle. As she dances her hair falls, and she shakes it about her face in gypsy fashion. At the highest pitch of excitement Squier Bishop appears.

Bishop: Stop that infernal racket. I had a suspicion you two was old friends (Fiddler and Catharine look blankly at him and then at each other) Birds of a feather flock together every time. (Children huddle together) Well, this is the end of your devil doings. This town of Winthrop aims to be respectable, and we don't intend ter have women coming here with no husbands and carrying on with travelling fiddlers, such as ye be (pointing to fiddler) So I've got warrants here agin all of ye. You jest listen! (Reads the warnings)

Sarah Follet cries quietly. Catharine Scoot shrugs her shoulders and looks hopefully at the fiddler who raises his fiddle and starts the jocular tune.

Bishop: Shet up that sqawking--and come with me. You women heard what I read. Out ye get in 15 days. As for you (turning again to fiddler) I'll keep ye locked in my garrat tonight and in the morning, ye'll move on.

Fiddler: A night in your house, Constable. Lucky one! You give me free what you refused to sell me an hour ago! Fiddler's luck!

Bishop: Shut up and come along. (moves him roughly away)

Fiddler: (waving faily) Good-bye, children, meet me next week on the road to Boston and we'll finish our game

Children and Catharine wave to the fiddler, gaily at first and then sadly as he moves out of sight.

Sources; Thurston pp84,85

Historical Basis for Scene

"Lincoln SS: To Squier Bishop, Constable of Winthrop Greeting

(L. S.) You are, in the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, directed to warn and give notice unto John Clark, Fiddler, a transient person who has lately come into this town for the purpose of abiding therein, not having obtained the town's consent therefore, that he depart the limits thereof within fifteen days.

Given under our hand this seventh day of March 1792

Nathaniel Fairbanks)
Samuel Wood) Selectmen

Report says Mr. Bishop once warned a man off of God's earth. Perhaps this was the man; for who has less claim to dwelling on the earth than a traveling fiddler? The man says "Where shall I go?" "Go?" says Mr. Bishop, "Go to Wayne!"#

A warning the above in 1789 against Sarah Lollet, and Catharine Scoot and their children.

From Father Thurston's History of
Winthrop (pages 84, 85)

#Wayne is an adjoining and rather sleepy village.

Episode III. The Town.

Scene 4. M. Talleyrand Visits Winthrop

Time: soon after the Revolutionary War

Place: the Metcalf neighborhood now-called

Characters:

Mr. Benjamin Vaughan of Hallowell

M. Talleyrand, French gentleman

M. Dumont, his companion

Mr. Nathaniel Fairbanks and his family

In the foreground three horsemen ride slowly up the road, intent on the view of lakes and hills. The foremost, Mr. Benjamin Vaughan, comes to a stop about the middle of the pageant field. The others, Talleyrand and his companion follow the sweep of Vaughan's hand toward west.

Vaughan: There, my friends. Did I not tell you I would show you a beautiful scene?

Talleyrand: Mais oui, it is superbe.

Vaughan: My favorite ride, particularly in the morning. I call it the most interesting scenery in New England--Indeed there is hardly anything in old England more lovely.

Talleyrand: Beautiful! But where is the chateau?

Vaughan: The chateau?

Talleyrand: Oui, the grande castle, where lives the lord of the village.

Vaughan: (laughing) Every man is a lord here, Talleyrand.

Talleyrand: But where lives the man who owns everything?

Vaughan: Isn't any! They all own a little, and no man very much.

Talleyrand: I comprehend not. Where are the paysans?

Vaughan: You mean the peasants, the farmers?

Talleyrand: Yes, why are they not here to hold our horses and beg for gold?

Vaughan: Why, man, this is not France. Every man here is a peasant, as you call him, working on his own farm. He doesn't have to beg for gold.

Talleyrand: Not a spire or cross in sight. Mon Dieu, the people must be neglected without a parish priest!

Vaughan: Not at all--they are Protestants, you know, Talleyrand--
Here comes my good friend Fairbanks.

Talleyrand: A paysan your friend? Merveilleux!

Vaughan: Indeed he is--you shall see.

Fairbanks approaches and is introduced. The French gentlemen bow condescendingly.

Fairbanks: We are just sitting down to breakfast, and my wife sent me out to ask you in.

Vaughan: O, Fairbanks, we couldn't think of intruding on your wife's generosity.

Fairbanks: Besides, my daughters have never seen French gentlemen.

Talleyrand: You have the daughters?

Fairbanks: We have--daughters are our specialty.

Talleyrand: Ah, the beautiful demoiselles--Now I shall feel at home, Vaughan. (dismounts rapidly)

Vaughan: There seems to be nothing to do, Friend Nate, but follow Talleyrand--

All move toward left where a table has been spread by Mrs. Fairbanks and daughters. The gentlemen are introduced. M. Talleyrand kisses their hands, ardently exclaiming "Madame", "la belle mademoiselle", "merci"--The girls curtsy, one very shyly, one lingeringly, the eldest disdainfully. The fourth has both hands full, and Talleyrand tries in vain to find her hand. She becomes excited and drops the plate of corn cake. She and Talleyrand, he with much bowing, and she with giggles, rescue the food. The men sit down and are served by the women. Talleyrand courts the pretty servers but is rebuffed by the third and stateliest. The fourth and prettiest receives and returns his advances. Finally she brings in a jug of cider and fills all the mugs.

Vaughan: The champagne of our Commonwealth, M. Talleyrand. I toast you--and your native land.

Talleyrand: And I respond--to America, my adopted land, and to these beautiful ladies.

Vaughan: To our host and his hospitality, and town which he holds so dear.

Talleyrand: To the pretty mademoiselle who has so graciously served me.

All drink, and the visitors make their adieux. The three younger girls crowd around the French gentlemen. The companion makes elaborate bows and follows Fairbanks and Vaughan to the horses. Talleyrand kisses hands of younger girls, bows to Mistress Fairbanks and the eldest daughter who curtsey stiffly. He starts off but returns to the prettiest and starts in all over again. Her mother and sister twitch her away. Vaughan calls to Talleyrand from his mount. He runs to his horse and the men ride off, waving. Mrs. Fairbanks boxes the prettiest daughter's ears and pulls her off left, followed by others.

Sources: Stackpole History p.245

Episode IV. The State

Prelude: Maine leaves the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to become a separate state in 1820

Massachusetts, symbolized by a stately woman enters center, followed by a slender girl, symbolizing Maine. From the left enters the Indian of the seal of Massachusetts assuming the pose of the shield. Massachusetts takes her place left pointing in pride to the Indian. Maine stands at right. From right enter the farmer and the seaman of the Maine seal, bearing the pine tree which they erect. They extend arms pleadingly to Maine, who steps hesitatingly toward them. She turns and bids farewell to Massachusetts who is reluctant to let her go. With arms lifted, Maine moves right as Massachusetts stands with arms out-stretched. At right stands Maine left of farmer and seaman who assume positions of the seal.

Tableau The seals encircled

Music: Maine, My State

Episode IV. The State.

Scene 1. The closing of the Spring term at Elder Butler's Seminary.

Time: 1825

Place: Elder John Butler's Female Seminary in East Winthrop.

Characters:

Elder John Butler, head of the Seminary
Miss Elizabeth Lewis, his assistant
Maria Stockbridge, the belle of the school
Females of the Seminary

Nelson Cary, the Beau of East Winthrop (later the husband of Maria Stockbridge and the father of Annie Louise Cary, the singer.)
Several village swains
A few Indians with baskets and trinkets

The Elder takes his place at one side of the pageant field and smiles benignly as the females of his seminary file solemnly in, two by two, followed by Miss Elizabeth Lewis, who seats the girls and then goes to the Elder's side.

The Elder: My dear young ladies.
(The girls giggle)

Elder: My dear young ladies, Miss Lewis tells me that she has examined you all in Rhetoric, and the Arts, and finds that you are well informed in these things that every young lady should know. Are you?

Girls: Yes, indeed, dear Elder Butler.

Elder: I shall spend no time this afternoon in examining you further, for I know that you are all anxious to greet your young friends from the town--Are you not, Maria?

Maria: (rising and curtseying) Yes, indeed, Elder Butler.
(Girls all giggle and nudge each other)

Elder: But before Master Cary and the other young men arrive, (girls giggle) I want to remind you of the proper conduct and behaviour of young ladies in the presence of young gentlemen. You want me to, do you not, dear young ladies?

Girls: Yes indeed, dear Elder Butler.

Elder: Remember, my dear young ladies, to be modest and retiring when conversing with these young gentlemen. Do not face them boldly, but rather let your eyes be down-cast--

Maria: (screaming) Mouse, a mouse, a mouse!

Girls scream and climb up on chairs while the Elder hunts vainly for the mouse. Miss Lewis mounts chair.

Elder: He has gone, my dear young ladies--(Girls sit down) As I was saying, your eyes should be downcast--And in the games we play with our young friends, do not romp--love gracefully in all you do--

Maria: (screaming and pointing left) Indians!

The girls clamber up on to chairs again as a few Indians appear carrying baskets and trinkets.

Elder: My dear young ladies, I pray you not to be alarmed--Our friends have come to sell their wares--(turning to Indians and beckoning) Come, let us see your baskets.

The Indians approach and spread their wares on the ground. Meanwhile Nelson Cary and several swains, more or less bashful, enter right. The girls rush from their chairs and greet them, fluttering, and talking incessantly. They bring the boys to center of the field, Maria and Nelson in center.

Elder: Come, my dear young ladies. Well Nelson, we are glad to see you, and you, sirs--Come and see these Indian baskets.

The young people go over but drift back soon in couples, leaving the Elder and his assistant busy with the Indians.

One of the girls: O--Nelson, sing for us--

Nelson: O, no--

Girls: O, yes--

Nelson: I will if Maria will sing, too.

Maria: O, no!

Boys: O, yes---

Maria and Nelson sing "Blue-eyed Mary"

All clap loudly

Elder: Beautiful, my dears, beautiful.

Nelson: Now I've sung for you, you'll have to play with me.

One of the swains: Let's play "Needle's Eye".

The young people join hands and romp through "Needle's Eye".

Music: The Sweet Briar and the Weeping Willow Tree.

Episode IV. The State.

Scene The Temperance Reform.

Time: about 1835

Scene--Deacon Carr's Tavern in Winthrop, Maine

Characters:

The Deacon
Mary Carr, his wife
A drummer
Dr. Ezekiel Holmes
Patrick, the one Celtic member of the community
Several towns people, including Glidden,
Belcher, Howard, Pullen

The scene is the bar of the village tavern. Several townsmen are talking in low tones as the scene opens. One man is gesticulating as if telling a story. The men are listening attentively. His voice is audible as he strikes his hand on his knee and almost shrieks--

Glidden: And she wouldn't let me go neither.

The men laugh uproariously and commiserate the speaker. A man, Howard, reaches the crowd just in time to hear the remark.

Howard: What's the trouble this time, Brother?

Glidden: Hello, Cap. I was jus' telling the boys about this Female Moral Reform Society that's just been formed. My wife wouldn't let me out yesterday to go down and make a social call on Doc. Holmes because it was Sunday. Did your wife join?

Howard: No siree--I wouldn't let her.

Glidden: I'd like to see you stop mine!

(Chorus of laughter from the men)

Howard: Well, I believe in living as decent as I can, but when the women tell me I can't walk or ride or visit on Sunday I'm going to kick over the traces. Did all you boys let your wives bulldoze ye that way?

(Men give differing answers of "Yes", "No"--"Guess not"--"Nothing else to do")

Dr. Holmes: (dryly) Too bad you boys are so abused. But I can tell ye something that will take the feet right out from under you.

(Men cry--"What is it?" "Tell us!")

Dr. Holmes: Well, I have it on good authority that since Parson Thurston's sermon on temperance yesterday more than one man in this town had got to thinking over his sins and resolved to make this a dry town. (All look at each other accusingly) (The doctor motions them nearer and continues)

Dr. Holmes: They say that the owner of this very tavern (in a stage whisper) has signed the pledge!

(Chorus of incredulity, a few jeers, and some expressions of disgust)

Dr. Holmes: And that isn't all! He's going to make this tavern dry!

(Men murmur excitedly--Patrick, slightly drunken, staggers in to hear the "dry", and picks it up.)

Patrick: (with rich brogue) D-r-r-r-r-y! I am that! If the lake was rum, I would drink it dry! (Reels and sings a rollicking Irish song)

Dr. Holmes: (reproachfully) Patrick, what are you up to now?

Patrick: (with much hiccupping) Up to nothing. I wish I was--up to my ears in rum. I want another drink, that's all-- (singing) "I'm Patrick-the-stream-over" Where's the Deacon? I say where's the Deacon? (Mistress Mary Carr enters with a huge coffee-urn.)

Dr. Holmes: Go home, Patrick. Here comes Mistress Carr. Help her with the coffee-urn, boys!

(The men start forward and try to speak bravely, but the frigid attitude of the tavern hostess as she enters repels them)

Glidden: Good morning, Aunt Carr.

Howard: (timidly) Fine morning, Mrs. Carr.

Belcher: Can I carry the urn for you, Mistress Carr?

Aunt Carr: (stopping short) You cannot, Alexander Belcher; you ought to be home this minute helping your wife with her washing. (Looks around accusingly) Seems to me the men in this town have nothing to do but wait around for the stage.

Dr. Holmes: O, Mary Carr, don't be so hard on us old fellahs! We--

Patrick: (interrupting) The top o' the morning to ye, Mavourneen and where's the Deacon?

Aunt Carr: (sets the urn on the table with a bang and faces Patrick) Drunk again, Patrick Shaw. Ain't you ashamed of yourself? It's a good thing there's temperance in the air--

Patrick: In the air, is it? Begorrah, I hope it stays in the air, and not comes down to bother us. (Men laugh loudly, but stifle their exuberance at a look from the tavern mistress.)

Aunt Carr: Perhaps now, Patrick Shaw, you'll have to keep sober for lack of rum and you can keep clothes on your wife's back and food on the table for your children. (She turns her back and begins setting the table vehemently.)

Patrick: Temperance, is it? Well, well, we'll see! Where's the Deacon?

Aunt Carr points to the Deacon entering with luggage followed by a drummer.

Men: (heartily) Hello, Deacon.
Deacon Carr!
Here you be!
Good morning, Deacon!
The Deacon himself.

Deacon: (after a look from his wife, discreetly,) Morning, boys. (to the drummer) Ye'll have jest time for a bite before the stage comes. (The drummer sits down and is served by Aunt Carr. Meanwhile the men surround Deacon Carr and Patrick as the latter go through a pantomime of request and refusal. Patrick finally becomes angry and goes off left. The men turn their attention to the breakfast table where Aunt Carr, presiding at the coffee urn, has settled back to her knitting and the "pumping" process.

Aunt Carr: Came in late last night, didn't you, Sir?

Drummer: Quite late.

Aunt Carr: You here for long?

Drummer: Not for long, Mistress Carr.

Aunt Carr: What do you sell?

Drummer: (whimsically) Well, I don't sell so much as I wish I did.

Aunt Carr: Where you going from here?

Drummer: To another part of the State, M'am.

(Pause)

Aunt Carr: Let me see, did I get your name right?

Drummer: I don't recall giving you my name, M'am. (Men laugh and nudge each other. Aunt Carr sees them and flounces her back to them, knitting vigorously.)

Small boy runs in shouting "Stage's coming." All crowd to the road as stage draws up in front of the Tavern. Several people get out and go to the "bar". Mail sack is thrown out and carried off by the postmaster. Two or three persons make ready to depart in the stage coach. Deacon Carr has by this time taken his place behind the counter. A man with considerable swagger leans across it.

Traveler: Rum and molasses, Sir, and be quick about it.

Host: I cannot accommodate you. I have no distilled liquor in my tavern-now.

Traveler: O, stop that. Mix 'em up. I've drunk across your bar many a time.

Host: I doubt it not, and I'm ashamed of it. Now I am convinced of the error of my ways. No more intoxicating beverages will be served in my tavern. My good wife here will make you a strong cup of coffee--

Traveler: (pounding the bar) Coffee be damned! A good swig of rum for me. Come now, my man. Many a tavern in this state has a temperance sign hung out, but there's plenty of good rum inside if you know how to get it. (Pulling out money) How much must I pay? I'll give you your price.

Host: Sir, I have told you the truth. I have resolved never to sell any more spirituous liquor. There is no rum in this tavern.

Traveler: Well, this is a town! The first place in the State of Maine where a man can't wet his whistle with good Medford rum. A great note indeed. I shall tell every man I see to keep out of this town. Ha! Ha! Winthrop, the temperance town!

Host: We hope so--and a credit 'twill be to the State.

Traveler: You'll never run a tavern without liquor, old Carr, and I'll help to shut you up.

(The stage has started. Man runs out and yells. Stage stops.)

Traveler: Wait, wait, I'm goin on, this town is as dry as a bone. I'm going where I can get some rum. (He gets in, and the coach moves on.)

Deacon Carr and the "boys" watch the stage out of sight. The man shakes his fist out the window. Deacon C. shrugs his shoulders and motions to his wife at the urn.

Deacon Carr: Coffee, boys?

(The "boys" move somewhat sheepishly to the urn and are served stiffly by Mistress Carr. They drink the coffee uncomfortably and leave unceremoniously.)

Sources: Thurston p151 First Annual Report Maine Temperance
Stackpole p 90,91 Society 1833 p 49
Constitution Female Moral Reform Society Winthrop, Maine



Episode V. The Nation

Scene 1. Elizabeth Thurston backslides

Time: about 1833

Place: Parsonage of Father Thurston, now owned by Stanley Moore

Characters:

The Rev. David Thurston
His daughter, Elizabeth
Bo, her swain
Thaddeus Downs, town fiddler
Young folks of the town

The scene opens with Father Thurston writing intently. At intervals he gets up and paces the floor, returning to busy writing. Lizzie Thurston comes in timidly and waits in silence until the good parson notices her. He raises his hand and motions her out--

Lizzie: But father, I-----

Father Thurston: Daughter, I am in the midst of grave consideration. Nothing you could want to say can be as important as my present thoughts.

Lizzie: (blurting) May I stay all night with Prudence Southworth?

Father Thurston: (pounding the table) No! No good would come of it. The young people in this town are thinking of nothing but fiddling and dancing, while the poor black man is dying in chains and in misery.

Lizzie: But father, I-----

Father Thurston: (rising and speaking sternly) Daughter-how many times have I forbidden you to argue with me? Go at once to your room, and pray that God in his infinite wisdom will show you the error of your ways, and will put into your head something worthy of His teachings instead of foolish and silly ideas you now have.

Lizzie: (crying softly goes out)

Parson resumes his writing shaking his head in grave concern.

The scene shifts to the garden outside Father Thurston's house.

In distance fiddling as for a country dance is heard. A window in the parsonage is raised cautiously and Elizabeth Thurston puts her pretty head out, listening to the strains of the fiddle. Suddenly she draws in her head and shuts the window hastily. A village dandy now appears at the edge of the garden and tiptoes cautiously to Elizabeth's window. He whistles softly and meaningfully, one, twice, and three times. At third whistle, Lizzie's head reappears. Sign conversation and much pointing in direction of music follows. Both listen attentively as music loudens. The swain retreats as Lizzie extinguishes light, comes to window and climbs gingerly out. Swain greets her effusively and they steal across the field.

The other side of pageant field shows a country dance at full tilt. As the number ends, couples talk in groups. Voices buzz at first, and then conversation becomes distinct.

Boy: Where's Lizzie Thurston?

Second Boy: Where's Lizzie? She never misses a dance.

Girl: O never mind where she is.

Second Boy: But she promised me a dance.

Another Girl: She said she was afraid she couldn't get out tonight.
 Somebody (looks around accusingly) told her father she dances.

All: We didn't! We didn't!

Third Girl: The mean thing.

Girl resuming: -and he's watched like a cat ever since.

Girl with lisp:What a shame! Such a lovely night.

Tall Girl: Where's Bo?

First Girl: O, he wouldn't come if Lizzie didn't.

First Boy: (pointing) Look! here's Lizzie and Bo!

Lizzie and her swain run into the circle. Cries of welcome as the dancers rush over to greet them. They encircle the new comers and lead them forward.

Third Girl: How's you get out, Liz?

Lizzie: Oh, I had a terrible time planning how I'd work it, but as luck would have it, Father's getting ready to preach against slavery Sunday, and he's so absorbed he won't miss me. He didn't want any supper because he was only at fifthly and had ten more headings to write.

First Boy: Ten more to write! Whew! I'm going to be sick Sunday.

Lizzie: Well, I went into Father's study and asked him if I could stay with Prudence all night.

Girl: (admiringly) You did! How'd you dare!

Lizzie: He was pretty cross, and sent me to my room. I cried a little so he'd think I was sorry!
(All laugh)
Then I stuffed my nightgown and put a night cap on the top so he'd think I was in bed.

Bo: Took you long enough. I had to whistle three times before you answered, and I thought sure the parson himself would come out.

Lizzie: Then I climbed out the window, and here I am! Let's dance!

The fiddle starts again, and the dance moves gaily on, with Lizzie the sprightliest of all. In the midst of her greatest rollicking the fiddler stops suddenly, and as the dancers protest, he points meaningfully across the field where approaches the stern figure of Parson Thurston. There is a shriek of fear and several of the young people run off. Lizzie and Bo, surrounded by a faithful few stand their ground. The Parson, righteously indignant, addresses the fiddler.

Parson T. Shame upon you, Thaddeus Downs for the Devil's work you are doing! Is it not enough to lose your own soul by your wicked ways without sweeping all these innocent minds with you to the everlasting and unquenchable fires of Hell!

The fiddler is dumb, and begins to pack his fiddle apologetically as the Parson turns to the dancers.

Father Thurston: May the Omnipotent spare you in the Day of Wrath! Go home, and spend the night upon your knees in prayer that you may be saved from eternal damnation. "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." Be warned, all of you. (turning to Lizzie) My daughter, I fear thy soul is black within thee. What I can do to intercede for thy salvation, I will do. A night and a day of fasting and of prayer may bring thee to thy senses.

(He points in the direction of the parsonage and Lizzie sobbing starts slowly off. The crowd melts away as Father Thurston follows Lizzie, his head uplifted and his hands clasped as if in prayer.)

Music for the dance: Money Musk

Source: personal reminiscence-Mrs. Harriet Newman Webb (1822-1909)
Thurston History: sentence bottom p153, to p154

Episode V. The Nation

Scene 2. The Anti-Slavery Agitation
Rev. David Thurston, pioneer abolitionist
forced to resign by the Whig element in
his church.

Time: about 1850

Place: The Congregational Meeting House

Characters:

Members of the opposing factions

The members of the Congregational Church and Society
in session. Evidence of disruption by coolness of greeting.
Two women meet face to face and toss their heads at each
other. Two men start to shake hands but suddenly draw
apart stiffly. Several members move from one side of the
aisle to the other. Chairman calls the meeting to order.

Chairman: Shall we invoke the Divine blessing upon this gathering?

Woman: I should think that some members of this church would
be ashamed to ask for it.

Man: I move we come to business.

Another: Second the motion.

Chairman: The business of this meeting is to consider whether or
not in the interests of the church and community, we shall
retain the services of Rev. David Thurston as pastor. Is
there any discussion?

Four or five men jump up and address the chair. Joshua
Wing obtains recognition.

Wing: Brethren, the time has come when we as a church must
decide what is the path we are to tread. This church was
gathered in the fear of the Lord, with the promise to avoid
all the superstitions and inventions of men in the worship
of God, and to yield obedience to Him in all things all
the days of our lives. But, brethren, we have wandered far
from that intention and promise. All have become entangled
in the affairs of men and forgotten our spiritual needs; we
have ceased to seek the Lord or God in our pulpit, and have
heard only the preaching of politics. Our pastor, once
strong in the Lord, has been led astray by false prophets,
and has forgotten his duty to his people.

(Several men and women rise but are motioned back by
the chairman.)

Therefore, Mr. Chairman, for the good of the church and
the community, I move you that we release our pastor from

his connection with us, and seek the services of a younger man, one intent on spiritual uplift and not the cause of anti-slavery.

(Sever 1 week recognition-)

Feth May: My dear friends, I am free to confess that for some time I have been undecided as to my course in this matter. We can no longer sit on the fence. The time has come when we must each say which side we are on. Are we for the black man or are we not? I believe it my duty as a member of this church to support the cause of anti-slavery, and I hereby renew my pledge of faith in and loyalty to our beloved pastor in his efforts to free the black man from his chains.

(Loud approval and shouts from one side, cold looks from the other.)

A Man: If Father Thurston is asked to resign, my wife and I shall ask for our letter of dismission.

Another: And I and my wife, also.

Woman: And I shall take mine.

One of the Thurstons' upholders: I'm sure I voice the sentiments of a large part of the Society when I say to two pastor who have been more faithful to his people than Parker Thurston. In sickness and in health, in times of sorrow and times of joy, he has ever been ready to lead and direct us. His long years of service and his gray hairs should beguile him kinder treatment than our friends suggest.

A second Man: We cannot let sentiment blind us. The question is, do we want politics precluded from our pulpit or do we not? I do not, and my friends here agree with me--
(Voices raised loudly)

Supporters: Our friends say we must not let sentiment blind us. Neither must we let partisanship and personal animosity blind us. This is not a question of politics, but a question of justice and of fair dealing with one who has served us so faithfully and well.
(Approval from supporters)

Chairman: Are you ready for the question?

(Shouts of Aye, No)

Chairman: The motion of Brother Wing that we release-----
(His voice trails off as Tabor Thurston enters. The supporters rise, and several of the Whigs half-hastily, a few sit solidly.)

Baron Thursten: My children, I am aware of the purpose of this meeting. I am aware, too, of the discussion that has gradually been growing in our midst. I have done everything in my power that I could do with complete clear to keep the peace of unity. You have accused me of presenting a litany, but I have not; neither have I forgotten the poor condition. Never was my own mind more deeply convinced of the truth, the righteousness, or the obligation of the coalition enterprise. May I never forget the oppressed and dumb. My mouth must be opened still to plead their cause, for they are desperately poor and dumb. And since I cannot hold to this purpose and at the same time wish you in the land of unity, I need not stay in your midst.

(The speaker rose from his pocket and said: "I've the answer. The five who had previously indicated their removal let up and heard the speaker.")

Baron Thursten: My children -----

(The speaker rose and walked off right, followed at a respectful distance by his supporters. The five who were going with evident satisfaction and walked off left.)

Source: Admiral
Capt. Thursten, to Thursten, 1960
Source: Admiral 1961-1967 and
Source: Admiral 1968-1971

Episode V. The Nation

Scene 3. Winthrop's sacrifice of '61

Characters:

The Frost family
The Boys in Blue
Townspeople

The scene reveals a young man, Albert H. Frost, in the uniform of Northern soldier. He is sketching earnestly while his small brother fingers the pack lying on the ground. Chan, the youngster, tries on the cap, and is about to start off with the gun when Albert rescues them. Albert looks at his sketch critically, and then nods as if satisfied.

Albert: There, Chan, doesn't that look just like the old house and barn?

Chan: Yes--Albert-but what do you want to draw that for?

Albert: O-just to keep me cheered up when I'm done South.

Chan: What you going down South for? To see the niggers?

Albert: Yes, to see the niggers--and the white folks, too.
What say? Shall I bring back a little nigger boy for you?

Chan: (jumping up and down excitedly) Yes, Yes.

Sounds of fife and drum.

Albert: (jumping up) Listen, Chan. The boys are coming. Go tell Ma.

Chan runs toward house, but Mrs. Frost and daughter come running out before he gets there. Albert puts on his cap, stuffs the sketch into his pack which he straps on tightly and then turns to his mother who clings to him. The sound of fife and drum increases as a double line of Winthrop boys in Union blue appear, marching rapidly in the direction of the group. They are followed by townspeople.

Commander: Halt! Fall out!

The soldiers halt, and while at ease hobnob with sweethearts and friends who have caught up with them.

One of the Boys: Come on, Chan, Old Abe wants us to hurry.

Albert kisses his mother and the children and moves toward the soldiers.

Commander: Fall in.
There are hurried farewells.

Commander: Company 'tention.

Albert: (waving) Farewell, mother.

Commander: Forward, March.

The fife and drum play "The Girl I left Behind Me." as the file moves off, with the townspeople waving farewell. Mrs. Frost and children stand apart, in tears. All move off the field as the music grows fainter.

This scene is two years later, in the village post-office. Several men are sitting on kegs, smoking. Occasionally a woman or child comes in and buys a grocery or two. Several people drift in and talk with proprietor and others.

Man: Most stage time?

Post Master: (consulting his watch) Yep--She ought to be here now.

Several people who have been passing and repassing gather at that news.

Small boy: She's coming!

The crowd rushes toward one side of the field, where a team and cart go by.

Small boy: April Fool!

His mother seizes him and reprimands him where it will do the most good, to the satisfaction of the crowd. He bellows loudly, but is appeased by a huge cookie from a neighbor woman's pocket.

Post Master: I can hear the horses now--Here she comes! (Crowd surges right as the stage comes to a standstill. The driver throws out a mail sack, and goes on. Crowd gather around the postmaster who opens the sack, and takes out three or four letters. He turns them all over carefully and puts them back in the sack. Then he pulls out the Kennebec Journal. The crowd murmurs loudly.

Man: Come on, Lib, read it to us.

The man designated mounts a keg, puts on spectacles, and unfolds the paper very deliberately. Crowd gathers and a hush ensues.

His reading is punctuated by shouts and hat-throwing.

Reader:

Kennebec Journal, Augusta Maine. Friday morning July 1,
1863

Great Union Victories!
The days of the rebellion numbered!
General Lee and his Army Terribly Defeated! (Applause)
The surrender of Vicksburg
To Gen. Grant and his Western Heroes!
Copperheads in Mourning!
War Policy of the Administration Gloriously Vindicated.

"Since our last issue there have been days of rejoicing and gratitude for the American people such as those living never before experienced. The march of the Potomac rebel army into Md. and Penn. has proved to be the pathway to the grave of the rebel Confederacy. It served to arouse the people of the invaded States to the proper exertions and to bring an immense army of freemen into the field as if by magic. It kindled the enthusiasm and determination of our soldiers to the highest pitch. The result is told in the series of battles which cover the Union Army of the Potomac with glory and indicate the certain and speedy overthrow of the Rebellion. The splendid success of Grant at Vicksburg make sure the speedy fall of Port Hudson and the complete opening of the Mississippi. Everywhere the triumph of the Union arms is assured."

(in hushed voice) List of Casualties in the third Maine in Four days battle of Gettysburg, Pa.

19th went into engagement on Thursday with 440 men, and in that day and the day following lost and killed, wounded, and missing 206.

Of this number 35 were killed or mortally wounded.

Lieut. Henry Penniman wounded in leg.

Corp. Chas. Smart in hand, severe

Samuel Chandler in leg.

Missing Chas. C. Thompson.

Albert Frost, killed.

(Several women cry silently, men are visible move). The reader wipes his eyes, folds the paper, handing it to the postmaster who takes it and the sack and moves off, followed by part of the crowd. The group break up, except a knot of women, one of whom points in the direction of the Frost home. The women move slowly after her. Mrs. Frost and children come out to greet them. Mrs. Frost wrings her hands at the sight of their tears.

Mrs. Frost: Albert was killed?

Women nod.

Mrs. Frost: I knew he would never come home. He said "Farewell."
when he left, and that has haunted me day and night.

Clara: Is Albert dead?

Women try to comfort Mrs. Frost and the children.
Mr. Frost goes to the chair and sits, head lying on the
ground. She sinks down with her head in the chair. The
lover stands silent.

At the other side of the field, two soldiers, Thompson
and Patcholder smooth a freshly made mound. They erect
a rude wooden marker, and then stand with bowed heads,
while taps is sounded. At its close, they walk rapidly
away at the soldier's duty.

Sources: Stackpole History of Winthrop
Personal Reminiscence
Albert H. Webb 1880-
Mrs. Frost Knowlton 1880-
Charles Thompson, one of the boys of '61

DANCE

Veil of Dawn and Dusk on Mount Pisgah, Winthrop's highest hill

The Winds

The Blue ponds of Winthrop

The Veil dances slowly to the center of the field assuming a statuesque pose which she holds while the Winds approach from North, East, South and West and dance about her. Each lifts a gray veil from her and dances to the corners of the field, assuming a pose as the Lakes come from each side and dance in and out around the Veil and Winds, who join them for the ensemble.

Dancers: The Veil

Four Winds

Twelve Ponds

Costumes: The Veil, rose veiled with gray

The Winds, flame, green, purple, yellow

The Ponds, shaded blue

Contributory Plot

From the fire made by the red man in front of his wigwam was lighted the torch which was at first the terror and the menace of the white man. The white man brought his flint and tinder from England to light his home fire in the log house. Gradually the red man was pushed back his fire extinguished, and the poineer claimed the land for his own.

Action: Indian brave, squaw, papoose, and other children enter. The brave makes gesture sweeping the field to indicate his possession. The squaw and children lay the fire which the brave lights and all warm themselves by the ruddy blaze, the brave smoking contentedly. Enter right the poineer and family who kneel and pray before laying their fire. The poineer lights it with flint and tinder, and the group warms hands over the blaze. The red man group resent the intrusion. The brave lights a torch and runs menacingly about the poineer group. The white man pushes the Indian back with his gun, the brave's family retreating, the poineer family advancing until the redman has disappeared, and his fire is trampled out. The poineer group assume attitude of thanksgiving and make gesture of possession of the land.

From the fireplace of the poineer were lighted the hearth fires of the village, embodying personal, civic, and religious liberty.

Action: Enter the Town of Winthrop with Attendants Personal, Civic, and Religious Liberty.

The poineer hands the torch to the attendants who in turn hand it to Winthrop, and they move across the field followed by some of the pageant cast representing trades, religions, early organizations, and national groups.

Enter right Maine who receives the torch from Winthrop and leads the procession, circling to the center of the field.

The figure of National Liberty appears on elevation center back. Her attendants, Loyalty and Brotherhood, come to the center of the field, receive the torch from Maine and bear it to the elevation. National Liberty holds the torch aloft over the entire group of pageant participants standing with arms uplifted.

Music--- America

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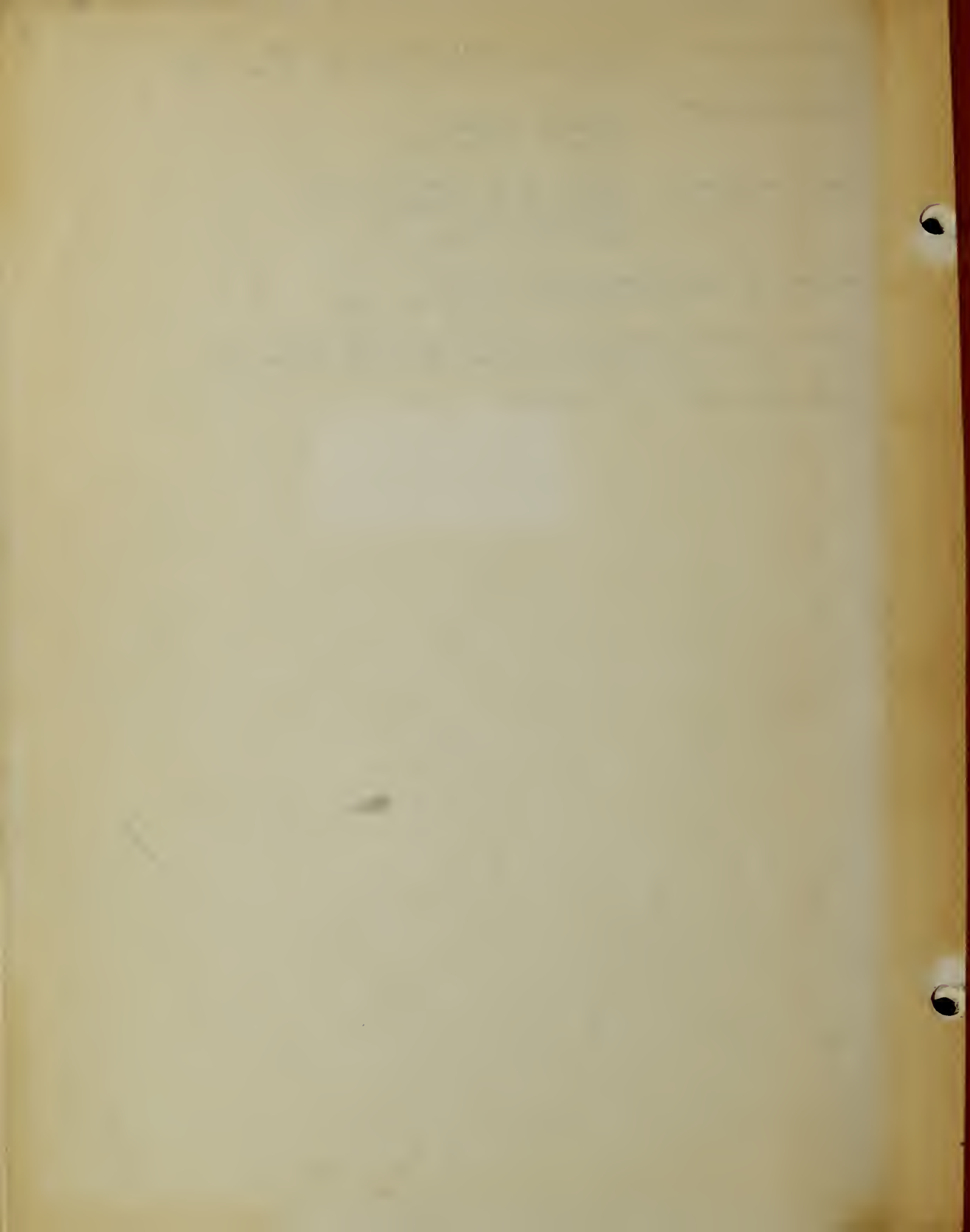
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